

Peyoti For President "Me"

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And the band marches on and on without slowing And their leader leads them on and on without knowing Never looking back to see the mess that they had left behind

The media mediates between the masses and the myth it creates

But it never know the damage grown the more it bend the truth

They tell us what they want us to hear The patronize our aching ears

It's all too clear the wealth's of violence and sexual perversion Offer more than just some innocent psychological diversion They have left so many bleeding, needing help from

Christ the King

We don't have to watch what they want us to see Yet we've let them bind our hands and our feet

How can you say, "let's all remain unaffected," when no lines were drawn The band just marches on And they forget you when you fall down

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